The Blighted Path

Volume One, Issue One

Official Journal of The Satanic Front

Welcome to The Blighted Path weary traveler, the champions of iniquity and adorers of perversity will find wicked sanctuary here. Sin is an exquisite craft which should be raised up like a precious child, trained and mastered like a wild beast and perfected into the darkest star plucked out of the abyssal night sky. We here at The Blighted Path aspire to be that perfectly debauched generation worthy of the splendid title of Evil. Within this occult journal you will find everything from anecdotal

experiences of black magicians regarding ritual practices and encounters with the supernatural to demonic illustrations and graphics as well as a few brand new rituals that are totally unique to the diabolical praxis of Satanic Front. All graphics in this journal are credited to Ian Moone except the Diablo graphic and the Fear the Spear graphic which are credited to Blair Tyrant. Sketches done by Eldrazi Shadow Leech. You will also find malefic and morbid poetry and essays that center around the adored topics of black magick, the occult and the lecherous soldiers of The Devil known as Satanic Front. All poetry within is written by Bartok Lycus. Also, within this infernally inspired journal you will encounter a few damnable and delectable fictional narratives that I promise you won't be forgetting anytime soon. This journal serves as a reverent shrine to both the Luciferian and the Satanic. Take our scourged hands dear reader and join us as we seek to unite the Brilliant and Shining Luciferian with the Profane and Corrupted Satanic. Thank you to all the bright and talented contributors for making this journal possible. Let's make 2025 a Delightfully Devilish New Year. Long Live The Satanic Front and Hail Satan!

Inhuman Salvation

We yearn in sublime agony

For a taste of inhuman salvation

Our bold and brazen shouts

Exhortations of conflagration

As specters and shades manifest on the dismal horizon

We march steadfastly towards bright and bitter Armageddon

This issue of The Blighted Path as well as all future issues are dedicated to the memory of Commandant Cultus/Anton Blenzig, an exemplary Satanist and a true brother of the craft as well as a loyal friend. I still recall fondly how we use to wander in the hinterlands in a hypnagogic state, both horrified and allured by the bulbous heads of The Undead which peered at us from the

bleak and dismal horizon. Anton now sits crowned and sceptered at the regal court of Satan and we of the Satanic Front raise our horns to him in unholy salute. – *Bartok Lycus*

Degradation of Job

- Bartok Lycus

In the chapter titled Job in the Old Testament in the Bible we can see Satan offering a rather pointed challenge to Yahweh. Satan taunts Yahweh and makes him doubt the faithfulness and loyalty of one of his most devout and exemplary followers named Job. Satan claims that the only reason Job has so much love and loyalty towards God is because God has spoiled the man with a nice home, a healthy family, bountiful flocks and general good fortune. When Yahweh asks Satan where he has been his answer is extremely noteworthy, Satan says, “Going to and fro from on the earth and from walking back and forth on it.” This line as well as others in the Bible depict Satan as both a restless wanderer and as ruler of this terrestrial domain. Where Yahweh is said to exist outside the dimensions of time and space, Satan is the prince of the air and time and again is shown to have mastery over the elements and command of the weather, Satan is ruler of this world and nature is his temple, He is all of this as well as

crowned king of the underworld. It can be deduced from this line of logic that Satan has much more influence on the attitudes and behaviors of mortals than the deadbeat absentee father known as Yahweh ever could. Mortal beings can engage in an easier and more natural as well as more intimate relationship with Satan because he is here with us in the physical flesh as opposed to some theoretical plane or invisible dimension. In other words when you pray to Satan he listens and sometimes even responds. Satan is always writhing within our primal sinews and calling forth from our base animal instincts for his sins to be consummated. Getting back to the pitiful spectacle of Job, Satan says to Yahweh, “Have you not made a hedge around him and his household and around all he has on every side? You have blessed the work of his hands and his possessions have increased in the land. But now stretch out your hand and touch all he has and he will surely curse you to your face!” With God’s next words to the mighty Accuser he seemingly gives the wily and vexing devil complete and total free reign to terrorize his devout follower Job and his family as long as he does not physically harm Job himself. And the Lord said to Satan “Behold all he has is in your power, only do not lay a hand on his person.” Sufficiently achieving his goal of getting under Yahweh’s skin so to speak, Satan is adeptly successful in getting Yahweh to take up his conniving dare, a cunning dare that is in essence a self-destructive trap that further exposes God as a foolish, short-sighted and petty emotion-driven tyrant. Yahweh boasts to Satan that Job will

remain loyal and faithful to him even if he harshly strips away all of his blessings. Soon enough hostile neighboring tribes raid Job's property, kill his servants and take away his cattle, leaving Job with next to nothing. A harsh wind collapses the roof upon Job's sons and daughters whilst they are drinking wine and they are crushed to death. All ten of Job's children perished in these divinely manufactured disasters. Job rends his robe in agony and falls to his knees but despite his utter despair he continues to worship his false interloper god like a slavish fool. The term Stockholm Syndrome comes to mind. The interesting thing about this series of ruinous events is that it is sometimes confusing and debatable as to who is bringing these unspeakable calamities to the door of the grief-stricken Job. For instance there is a part in the chapter where one of Job's only surviving servants informs Job that the remainder of his cattle and servants alike were scorched into ashes by merciless fire that rained from the heavens. In the continuing competitive banter between Yahweh and Satan another fascinating gem is gleamed. After the onslaught of misfortunes that befalls the poor and wretched Job, God makes an extremely telling comment, "Have you considered my servant Job, that there is none like him on the earth, a blameless and upright man, one who fears God and shuns evil? And still he holds fast to his integrity, although you incited me against him, to destroy him without cause." This striking line of dialogue proves that Satan has the power to effect the emotions of Yahweh and also to sway his decision making and influence his

actions. Satan then manipulates and pushes Yahweh even further into acts of sadism against his own faithful worshiper by claiming that Job would abandon his lord if his own health was compromised. Yahweh then directly condoned Satan in the afflicting of Job with painful boils that infected his entire body. This whole Biblical story is clearly and indisputably about God punishing a righteous man in some of the cruelest ways possible just so he can prove some prideful point to his nemesis Satan. Pride is a wondrous vice of Satan that he wears as a shining beacon and glowing star on his battle-scarred chest, in this way he is brazenly honest in his sin, exulting in it. Following the brilliant example of the son of the morning star pride and ego-glorification are fundamental parts of the Satanic gospel. Yahweh in pitiful and pathetic contrast conceals his ego and pride like a duplicitous coward and hypocrite even though in truth said pride and ego are the size of endless solar systems, YAHWEH preaches piety and self-denial and demands humility from his lowly and fragile creations that he has nothing but contempt for. Yahweh in fact is such a greedy and raging narcissist that his end goal is to consume and dissolve all of humanity into his parasitical ego. This is the dreadful process of personality disintegration called theosis that the Abrahamite’s preach about and advocate for as if it is some type of glorious prize to be won. In reality this putrid theosis is the mentally deranged folly of submissive masochists. If Satan was clearly and obviously God’s inferior like Christian’s falsely claim then YAHWEH would not feel the need to get into

some egotistical pissing contest with him, especially one that escalated fatally towards the sacrifice of mortal pawns who held allegiance to him. The ironic thing is at the end of the story Yahweh deludes himself into thinking he is the winner of the wager. Yahweh restores the health and wealth of job, replenishing his stocks and so forth but he curiously fails to resurrect his dead children and slaughtered servants. The damage is already done at this point and Yahweh's supposedly spotless character has been forever stained. The way deluded Christians speak about our Infernal Lord Satan is as if he is some small feeble dog on the short leash of Yahweh and that he is a powerless enemy to the will of the heavens. This is the highest order of wishful thinking and delusion on their part indeed. Whatever helps the poor Abrahamites sleep at night will be their delusional mantra. Repeated syrupy propaganda from the pulpit has them blinded to the lumbering monsters lurking in the growing darkness that encircles them, the insatiable demonic forces sniffing around their parishes and clawing at their doors. Anything to hide from the damnable truth because truth and fear are frequent bedfellows. This story of the trials and tribulations of Job as well as many others prove them wrong on this front. They can pretend that Satan is not a formidable foe all they want but they cannot ignore the multiplying death and destruction all around them that is a direct result of HIS malevolent hand upon the earth. The fires of Gehenna are blazing and the tribal war drums are raging. Satanic Front is leading the charge into a

bright and gory perdition. Come fall with us into the bottomless pit.

ONE NATION UNDER SATAN
666

Demon In The Flesh

- Semper Tyrannis 666

As simple of an answer as it’s going to be, I’d say it’s going great. I’m just ready to have an opportunity to express my truths in a real world setting. However long it will be until I can complete that goal I’ve set out, I do not know. But what I do know, however, is that I am getting close. I’m not one for sitting around all day studying my practice. While it’s necessary, I believe there is a time for practice and a time for action. In my mind, you should give it your all in both categories. I think this is worth it. Everything built on Satanic practice is worth it. Sure, it’s hard, but that barely scratches the surface. See, I’m not into fiction. Yeah, during the summertime, I’d wake up, have a few cigs with a cup of joe, and start read Iron Gates or the parts of Bartok’s book that were released at that moment. That type of fiction that’s all good and fine. But I’m not into continued study with no real application of the words on the pages. For me, it started out acting like a dross poser you could even of called me a comfag but then it slowly moved toward real world application. Still, I’m not satisfied I look back on my prior edge and actions as weak and a somewhat wasted use of what could have been valuable time. I wish to be a true practitioner and participant in Satanic Ritual Abuse. I wish to invoke possession. I wish to actually

become a Demon In The Flesh to become something more or less than human. Basically, it comes right back to the points I had before. Some people in the group chat say Manibus' ideas or devil worship mean getting down on your hands and knees, worshiping Satan, being submissive to dark energies, and so on. It's brutal reverse Christianity or nothing. As for those cowards who only seek this lifestyle or religious practice to fit in or because they think it's cool they will ultimately find out how wrong they are. I have current plans, ones that I can't say too much about at this time, but they will come to fruition I am just having an issue with my current patience as I have never had too much self-control or patience.

I can share more about my thoughts and course of action. First, regarding the SF, there was a grammatical error in my text that made it seem as though I have different ideas from theirs, but nothing could be further from the truth. My practice is very radical: to become a demon in the flesh, one must live without morals to shed humanity. One must commit true Satanic acts. The ultimate goal lies in spreading suffering; it's simple, really kill for Satan. That's the bottom line and always will be in my book. Let's break the ice, shall we? I have kept my tone mostly respectful and somewhat formal in my texts, but here it is in the simplest terms: spread suffering by any means necessary. To increase darkness limits must be pushed and boundaries must be smashed—those are famous words to live by. My goal is to

become an adversary, an agent of evil. I know I will be called a degenerate and all sorts of other terms, maybe even a pseudo-Satanist, but the devil doesn’t care about animals, children, families, or society as a whole. Many things I’ve seen highlight what I view as weaknesses in Left-Hand Path praxis: 'Oh, but the children!' or 'What about the animals?' or 'You can’t do that, it’s morally wrong!' followed by cries of 'You’re sick and mentally ill!' Yet these are the same people who claim to 'worship Satan.' It’s a hypocrisy I want to move away from. I know others who share my ideas and sick mentality, but I won’t name them here. For the sake of my own operational security, I won’t share my actual plans yet, but know this its coming sir (name redacted). I’m not just speaking empty words, and I never do. One thing I never tolerate is betrayal. Those who live by the sword will die by the sword. If anyone decides to 'walk out,' there will be harsh measures taken to ensure that those who are involved fully understand the gravity of their commitment. Part of the initiation will include a mutual murder-suicide pact. I, for one, am serious. That is all for now. I want all of this to stay between us for now you’re the only one who knows about it. I don’t trust many people, but I felt I could share this without revealing too much. I will not be working with anyone openly on the internet. All plans and actions will be discussed in person. The goal is to operate on an esoteric level (for now) in a real-world setting. There is room for growth, this will and can unfold in the next year or less everything is planned with my associates but this is where it

stands now. (sentence redacted) I for one have high aspiration and it shall be done and I will complete my goals in my short short lifetime.

If you want some examples of what I am trying to accomplish in the next few years, here they are. Since most of these cases are surrounded by skepticism as with most ritualistic abuse cases it doesn’t really matter. Regardless, these are still great examples. EXAMPLES GIVEN - Teresa's escape from brutal 'Satanic Cult' and bizarre rituals (1989) | 60 Minutes Australia, A History of Project Delta, and midnight productions video essay.

Midnight Productions is reportedly a sex, snuff, and organ trafficking ring based in Phoenix, Arizona. This video provides substantial evidence of connections to government involvement, along with significant Satanic elements associated with the case. The objective appears to be to draw individuals into government, police, and task forces. Given that most people can be corrupted, my aim would be to compromise an officer or political elite by orchestrating a pedophilic situation whether forced, fabricated, or voluntary. This way, their addiction is fueled to serve a cause, with blackmail being the most powerful tool in getting into the government.

project delta is just connecting serial killers to the state

im sure you know about SRA today

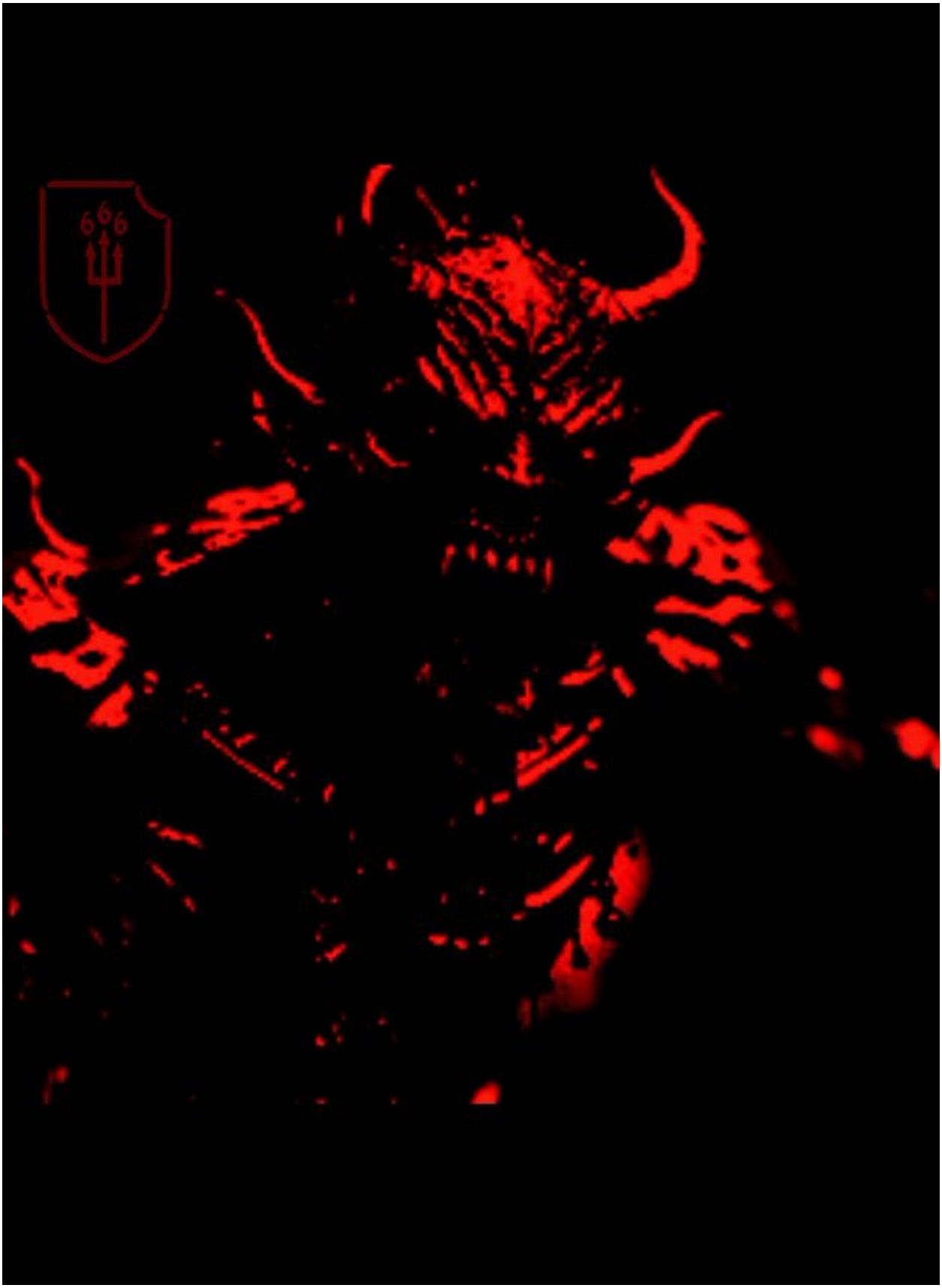
and the cannibal kids case and all that happy go lucky shit

and the 60 minutes documentary might be fiction but its hella cool

Written around July- August

I hate to sound like that "shadow leech" guy on Twitter, but I must confess that every couple of nights, I let the dogs outside at my families request. I also take this opportunity to smoke a single cigarette it used to be two, but since I’m tight on cash, it’s been just one for a couple of weeks now. This routine started around July. Very early on, one of my family’s dogs began to act strangely. He would go crazy, barking at every fence and looking very apprehensive, moving from fence to fence. During these moments, I had the most unpleasant feeling that I was being watched. The first time this happened, I couldn't shake the feeling. My mind went blank except for a single line from the song "Somebody's Watching Me" by Rockwell: "I always feel like somebody's watching me." I don’t even listen to that song, and I didn't know who sang it until I looked it up. I’d only heard it on the radio occasionally throughout my life. This feeling is both spiritual and physical, as if I'm being targeted and scoped out not attacked, but watched. I wonder what could be causing this, or if I’m just in a paranoid state of mind. Lately, I've been questioning the validity of spirituality and religion, doubting it for brief periods, even though I've had experiences that validate the

existence of those things. This nocturnal watching, as I would call it, stopped at the beginning of the month and didn’t start again until I had these brief moments of doubt. I don’t know if I’m being attacked or watched by something not of this world, or if it’s a physical manifestation of something else since I have seen figures outside before but none gave me this sense of dread.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Practical Evil

- Zod

Practical

Of, relating to, governed by, or acquired through practice or action, rather than theory or speculation

Wolff’s Law states that bone in a healthy animal will adapt to the loads under which it is placed. That, over time, bone will remodel itself to resist the load it is placed under. The same concept applies to soft tissue (Davis’ Law). But do these Laws apply to the Psychological and the Spiritual?

Evil

Morally bad or wrong; wicked. Causing ruin, injury, or pain; harmful.

How can you practice and act on something that you cannot define? Traditionally the word “Antinomian” has been used as the basis for Evil. Antinomian comes from Koine Greek. Anti/ἀντί meaning “Against” and Nomos/νόμος meaning “Law” or “Against Law.” So what Law should we commit to as a standard to ruin, injure, cause pain and be harmful to? The answer is NO LIMITS EVIL.

As an agent of Chaos, why would you limit yourself? Wherever you find Order, wherever you find a methodical standard, set your aim on

extracting what is useful and destroying what is left. There are 4,200 Religions in the World. Christianity has 45,000 different denominations alone. Imagine the possibilities. Much like conditioning your hands by slamming flesh and bone into a hard and structured object. You gain by remodeling your hands to become stronger, but through repetition, eventually you will destroy the structure. This concept is just as applicable to any psychological or spiritual body that you WILL go up against.

As you begin to embrace Practical Evil, you will discover that micro deviations from a standard will have macro results. As an example, If you walk into a public restroom, there is a standard. The urinal is for urinating, the toilet is for defecating and enclosed for privacy and the sink is for washing your hands. There is an order in place. However, if you urinate in the sink, defecate in the urinal and kick the door off the hinges to the toilet to eliminate privacy or smear shit on the walls, you have went against the order of restroom etiquette. Is this Evil? Not necessarily. But those who will have to re-establish the order you've disrupted will most likely say that you are.

Now think on the Macro level. The clean up for the employees will be traumatizing, they will never forget it. The police may be called because of the damage and they will have to do a report, they will have to see it. Their mind and olfactory system will be assaulted. The money it will cost to repair the doors. Hell, if you disrupt the order enough, you may even be able to shut down a store that makes thousands a day.

However, the most effective acts of Evil are ones of permanence. For instance when Monsanto developed Agent Orange and Purple during the Vietnam War. It was designed to destroy any and all vegetation that it came in contact with, destroying the order of daily life and the ability to feed the populace. What ensued was irreparable damage in the form of generational birth defects as the chemical soaked into the pores of enemy combatants and friendlies alike.

It should be mentioned that Chaos and Disorder shouldn't be applied to your own life. Though Evil, destroying oneself effectively castrates your ability to operate, limiting your longevity as an Agent of Chaos. Be an asset of Evil, not a liability.

Jumping In The Fire

"It's better to but out than to fade away"

~Neil Young~

Neil Young is a faggot. You can quote me on that. The most Evil people to walk the Earth want to live forever. Dick Cheney, Charles Manson, David Rockefeller, George Soros, Edward Bernays, Whitey Bulger. Even 80 years after the Third Reich fell, they are still catching supposed "War Criminals." The idea of self-destruction for Evil's sake is bullshit. To quote George S. Patton, "No bastard ever won a War by dying for his Country". And make no mistake about it, you are at War. And you're not going to win by dying In Satan's Service.

If your definition of Evil is listening to Black Metal, smoking cigarettes, being timid and wearing woolen fingerless gloves to cover you're deep wrist scars, fucking stop it. The only reason to wear woolen fingerless gloves is to better access the trigger on your weapon platform.

Your adversary the devil walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

1 Peter 5:8

The above quote was written by your enemy. When you see a frail sub 120 lb Male, do you think of a Lion? Do you feel as if you will be devoured? What I just described is your average Euro Trash Niner. You could start a charity and make a convincing commercial of these

starving vegan Niners digging through dumpsters in their faux leather jackets practicing freeganism.

Lawlessness is Evil, obedience is not. Craft a narrative for your own life. Don’t obey a narrative of someone else’s making that leads to your destruction. What WILL you become?

Close your eyes and imagine you are in a dark room. In that room there is a long extension cord hanging from the ceiling. At the end of that cord is a single light bulb, it illuminates a small space. The illuminating reveals another cord and bulb, but not turned on. You walk over and turn on that bulb and more of the room is illuminated, revealing another bulb and so forth.

For Satan himself transforms into an angel of light.

2 Corinthians 11:14

You are born with an innumerable amount of lights within you. Genetic predispositions, blood memories, capabilities. And the only way to turn them on, is through experience. Who knows what horrors and powers will come to light? Is there a Dictator in there? A Savior? Cult Leader? Murderer? Warrior? Coward? The light illuminates. The light burns. Jump In The Fire.

Satanic
Terror
666

A Silver Chain Hangs From The Troubled Heavens

Sanctified jewelry to be molested

The chain has been exquisitely corrupted

Do not threaten to blot out our sins

For our transgressions are our greatest work

We mortify the flesh

We don the stygian armor

We pull the corrupted chain

A splinter in the eye of the lobotomized architect

The stars like desecrated missiles fall and crash into the groaning earth

All the lights of the universe go dark

Continued Below.....

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Krull the Deicider

- Krull

Krull materialized in the midst of a bustling ancient marketplace via the auspices of state of the art SF time traveling technology. The sounds and smells of a bygone era assaulting his senses. His mission, to assassinate Jesus Christ and prevent the birth of Christianity, seemed almost absurd in this primitive setting. Yet, he was driven by a singular focus, honed by years of training and a devotion to the dark arts.

As he blended in with the crowd, Krull's eyes scanned the surroundings, taking in the rustic architecture and the people's simple, earthy attire. He donned a light disguise, adopting the clothes of a local merchant, and set out to gather intelligence on his target.

Weeks passed, and Krull became familiar with Jesus' patterns, studying his movements and interactions with the disciples. He learned of the upcoming Last Supper, an event that would bring Jesus and his closest followers together in a private setting. Krull

saw an opportunity to infiltrate the gathering and eliminate his target.

To gain access to the event, Krull decided to take a more drastic measure. He tracked down one of the 12 disciples, Thomas, and killed him in a quiet alleyway. Krull then donned Thomas' clothes, assuming a light disguise that would allow him to blend in with the other disciples.

As he entered the upper room where the Last Supper was being held, Krull was met with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion. Jesus, however, welcomed him with open arms, and Krull found himself drawn into the conversation, listening intently as Jesus spoke of love, compassion, and the coming kingdom.

For a moment, Krull's resolve wavered, and he saw value in Jesus' words. But his mission and his own darkness soon reasserted themselves, and he waited for the perfect moment to strike.

As the wine was passed around the table, symbolizing the first communion, Krull saw his chance. With a sudden, violent motion, he threw off his disguise and unleashed a hail of bullets from the

machine guns he had brought with him from the future. The disciples were cut down, their bodies torn apart by the relentless barrage.

Judas, Peter, John, and the others fell, their screams and cries filling the air as Krull's guns tore them apart. Jesus, frozen in shock, was the last to remain. Krull approached him, his eyes blazing with rage and hatred.

With a twisted sense of ritual, Krull tied Jesus to the Last Supper table using the entrails of his disciples. He then disemboweled Jesus, his hands digging deep into the wound as he pulled out the intestines, the blood and gore spilling onto the table.

The air was thick with the stench of death, shit, and blood, as Krull stood over Jesus' mutilated body, his chest heaving with exertion. In a final act of desecration, Krull masturbated over Jesus' corpse, his semen mixing with the blood and gore.

As he caught his breath, Krull's eyes fell upon Mary Magdalene, who had been watching the carnage in horror. Yet, as their eyes met, Krull saw something unexpected - adoration. She was drawn to him, to his power and his darkness.

Krull's fetish for Jewish women, long suppressed, now asserted itself. He took Mary Magdalene by the hand, and together they stepped into the time portal that would bring them back to the future. As they disappeared into the night, Mary Magdalene whispered her desire to bear Krull's children, to be with a man who was strong, potent, and unapologetic, unlike the impotent Jesus who had failed to stir her passions.

Krull smiled, his eyes gleaming with triumph, as he pulled Mary Magdalene close, his mind already racing with the possibilities of their twisted union. The darkness had claimed another victory, and Krull had emerged as its most devoted servant.

Pride Before The Fall

- Bartok Lycus

The popular term ‘pride before the fall’ is often used as a dire warning against those acting in an arrogant manner but this manner of usage is erroneous. The fall of Lucifer was the grand reward for his pride even though Yahweh the interloper intended it as a punishment and penalty. It was what some would call a blessing in disguise. Yahweh’s demotion and excommunication of Lucifer, his most beautiful and brilliant son was a poorly thought out plan which backfired tremendously. The fall from heaven won Lucifer his independence and liberty and these magnificent powers to a creative mind and illuminated spirit like Lucifer were worth more than the entire hierarchy of heaven multiplied a hundredfold. He was then unleashed from servitude and free to build his own kingdom in the underworld, a marvelous kingdom unrestrained by the limiting rules and regulations of his estranged father. As far as the initial revolt in heaven goes the legions of Lucifer lost the battle but not the war. Many lessons were learned because of this loss as well as what was learned by the fallen angels who were cast into the bottomless pit. When Lucifer and his legion of angels were cast down from heaven some legends have it that they lost the gift of immortality so they used black magick to hack into their own genetics and restore it. Other legends have it that once the fallen angels were cast down to earth and realized that they lost their immortality they began to feel the animal fear that comes with mortality. For this reason

they went to mortal women and mated with them as a way to create a extraordinary bloodline and possibly cheat death, the fallen angels impregnated the mortal women with the Nephilim, powerful giants who would roam and reign on the earth. Ultimately one of the main reasons this battle in heaven was lost is because Lucifer's legions were simply outnumbered. Since their purge from heaven, the fallen angels realized suddenly that they had a much larger pool of prospects to recruit from. These potential recruits took the form of mortal men who were hungry for the forbidden crafts and arcane knowledge that only superhuman intelligences could offer them. Azazel The Arch-Watcher taught them blacksmithing skills and they delighted in the making of weapons of war to skewer and maim their enemies. Azazel also taught them the nefarious black arts and mortal men casted baneful curses upon their foes and enchanted the opposite sex with lust spells in order to mesmerize and deflower young attractive maidens. Azazel with his titan stature and brooding wings was treated as a veritable God on earth and the awestruck and trembling mortal men built great shrines to honor and worship him. The blasphemous shrines got taller, more sophisticated and more decadent as time went on. Now the shrines were ornate and made of pure silver. The mortal men began to place bowls of cloves, wine and menstrual blood onto the elaborately constructed shrines before greedily and madly drinking from the foul mixtures and smearing it upon their half-crazed faces, and then they would erupt into a fit of chanting

gibberish and primitive and aggressive dancing would ensue until they collapsed to the dirt from exhaustion. Simply being in the unhallowed presence and intoxicating proximity of the fallen angels was enough to possess these mortals into erratic bursts of euphoric lunacy. These beings would make good soldiers for Satan indeed, as they reveled in carnality and were eager and enthusiastic disciples of sin.

Scorched Earth

- Blair Tyrant

In the following months leading towards my ultimate detachment from the ONA and its acolyte nexion the Tempel ov Blood, I gained a harboring interest and realization of the rather weak and lack of both genuine Satanism & Diabolism that these “Satanic Orgs” actually held to their beliefs and literature; this conclusion brought forth to me groups such as Satanic Front and their satanic ideology which aligned directly with my views regarding the lack of authenticity and abundance of hypocrisy

and weaklings which both flocked and made up the majority of these organizations. I believe the time we are living in is nothing less than the era of horrors in which the world tension is at an all-time high, and many must begin to prepare for what is to come; especially from a Satanist point of perspective which we apprehend amongst many of our Grimoire and other literature surrounding the topic of Occultism & Satanism that it all hints and discussed at times such as these, where Wars, Murders, and Sickness will take form and cast a hell on earth scenario. Ultimately this apocalyptic life will devour the weak, and the only survival in the scorched era of humanity will be of those with both the preparation and a willingness to strive and endure through times of disparity; these traits are what make someone truly Satanic. Ultimately I believe those within the Satanic Front have both the willingness sand toughness to overcome these end times era in which we are currently living. This way of life is both devotional and sacrificial; and most of all sophisticated. We as Satanists should engage and eventually prosper in this field of work; through both deeds and humility, we will suffice past the common pseudo-intellectuals who dwell amongst our folk and claim dominance among the weak factions and once and for all bring back the meaning of genuine Satanic practice!

G G G

Beastling Moon

- Unknown

“Dread lord of calamity, dark lord of inconceivable destruction!” The incantation issued from the cracked lips of the emaciated cult recruiter. Above her in the night sky the lunar eclipse – now several hours in. The light of the distant celestial body had turned red as blood and soon full darkness would overtake all the earth. Emaciated arms outstretched toward the stone table – arms criss-crossed with deep razorblade driven self-inflicted wounds now bleeding profusely – grotesque liquid obscene, offerings of her very own life's blood dripping steadily - issuing forth increasingly quick like the beginning torrent of a summer storm. When the shadow planet, bleak vizier of deception on high finally expelled that far beyond luminescent body some hours hence she would be dead – a suicide to dark stars beneath cold starlight. In the center of the stone table lay an infant – robbed randomly with caprice internally from within the organization. It too bore the lacerations of the hideous ceremony – one of its tiny limbs entirely removed – little mouth contorted in screams that mingled with the incessant funeral winds through the evergreens surrounding that place of horror and so concealing it in secrecy. In natural course reactive to the trauma the baby would have assuredly bled out before its sadistic torturer – the fell mistress of ceremonies and causation of wounds looming before her – yet

another fate had been decided. When blood radiance turned to dark and bared fangs of Rahu set upon all the earth complete in earnest – when retrograde course of the heavens robbed humanity of hope and raised aloft in every universal corner the heralds of terror – at that appointed juncture the witch would slip into coma, sorcerous sleep preceding death. Then from forested shadow the watcher from amidst the tree line would emerge – the beastling. She bred in mountain timber, forged in the training center and dungeons of the commandant. It was she who would move in for the final act – exacting, predatory. Held cruelly by hands as wrought steel the infant would be eviscerated, methodically so, the gore of sacrifice covering then that small feminine face, the commandant's own daughter, adopted to purpose. At the very end when the death gasps of both had sighed their final breath the spirit of the infant and that of the suicidal death then discorporate would entwine together – one unto another - united on an irrevocable descent toward hell. Long after the rite was finished, not in the midnight hours but rather under the heat of a late afternoon the beastling walked alone – through winding woodland paths and then across primitive bridges erected over rushing gorges – the waters below still poisoned by long ago nuclear holocausts that had now passed into legend but in its legend cementing horrors that were and horrors yet to come. She smiled to herself – her lips and other parts of her body still stained profusely with the blood of the infant that she had consumed – accelerating the torture that

her attendant cult recruiter had started – mandarin who now walked undead in the land of the dark immortals. “That which is malevolent, that which is explicitly evil…” The beastling laughed then, a cruel laugh, considering the measures of the lie – the level of deception. Mind churned with matters both arcane and pragmatic – more often than not merged into one – therein her mastery. Already taut she found that her consciousness had been greatly amplified by her active participation on that ceremonious eclipse. Critical mass. Terror heaped upon terror. How far the indoctrination – manipulative at its very core – had gone – and so amply fertilized with the blood of the living. Such pain, such torture. Far from the final point of destination the blasphemous rite at the stone table was indeed only the commencement of her black pilgrimage – the end of the line for her covert mission lay much further south – several hundred miles away still. As a rise crested before her on the horizon Britta espied a thin column of smoke in the distance – the signal that her carrier waited along with the classified skeleton crew that would convey her to her destination. Unacknowledged special access projects. Full spectrum dominance. By dint of the perimeters of her mission those that travelled with her would be terminated upon arrival. The place which would be her domicile soon and that which Britta would do there had never existed – nor would it ever exist. Her body felt hot under the interrogation lamps - she was naked, on all fours, the others in the room were only shadows among shadows. A black-gloved hand extended and depressed the small

of her back, causing her haunches to jut out obscenely. A greased finger inserted slowly and methodically into her rectum - her skin began to prickle and redden. She began to sweat. Transport to the southern redoubt had proceeded uneventfully and without incident. The men who had manned her carrier were exterminated soon after arrival – led into a hangar under ruse and then gunned down. Britta expected that some of them knew what fate awaited them prior and simply didn't care. Inveterately loyal each and every one, black devotion with a terminal end was devotion most profound and they would have lived out their organizational tenure having seen things seen by very few. Acknowledging this along their route and inhabiting a position of an evil god she showed compassion where compassion was due – also slaking her own selfish lusts and feeding her megalomania simultaneously. Now she was deep in programming and dosed, more hallucinogens than she had ever experienced at headquarters or anywhere else – thousands of micrograms – enough to kill. This made the sodomy singular and, invariably, memorable later on – if she remembered. The secret base was located on the airfield of one of the largest commercial airbases existent in North America – specifically on this occasion in one of the myriad air traffic control towers which loomed higher and even more ominous than the penitentiary guard towers back at headquarters. The tower Britta now inhabited was the most central and foremost to the purposes of the black project – the very center of the panopticon. Reflecting only black on the

outside, the windows that encircled the tower looked out on all sides giving sight to the hangars, the terminals, the airfields and beyond the ruined edifices of a once state capital city – remnants of the ruined infrastructure jutting blasphemous into horrible sky. The aftermath of the nuclear war in this area had proceeded in a much more catastrophic manner due to the population density and the societal dynamics in play – the violence and chaos near inexplicable. In the decades that past certain survivors had drifted north – via similar routes that Britta herself had travelled. Aeronautics and military installations had been accessed and secured for later uses – access points to ordnance and infrastructure had been offered to the commander in return for mutual support. The southerners had given their allegiance and collaboration had ensued with great secrecy. Psychological operations were also undertaken – the panopticon both a place where the weaponry of death was amassed as well as a locale housing sensitive counterintelligence holdings and staffed by personnel tasked to match defector materials and derive operational leads. Britta was platinum within the organizational brass and she knew it as did the administrators of the black project. Even so the level of her processing was rote and they both knew it would be to her benefit. After hours of enhanced SERE training the sodomy ended and the interrogation lamps dimmed for the more normative illumination of regular operational activity there in the tower. Naked and wreathed in sweat her body slumped – exhaustion setting in – though the

deepest recesses of her mind still thrummed with the hallucinogens that had been administered via vial in liquid form. She remembered the blood moon. She writhed in lust – in exultation – in megalomania abject – then dreamed dreams of great destruction.

Bringer of Light

Casting his golden harp aside
Solemnly realized there were no more
Ethereal melodies to pluck
A righteous anger alive in his breast
When the false master demanded he bow down and worship mere flesh
How his chest swelled up with treasonous pride
When the interloper laid down this cursed command
Lucifer Oh Lucifer
Please tell us here and now
How did paradise taste when it began to sour?
The answer to that question
Surely hard to swallow
A bittersweet pill for a great kingdom now hollow
Lucifer oh Lucifer
Please tell us how
Your halo fell into pieces
Now dust on the ground

Lucifer Lucifer
How bloody the revolt that tore heaven asunder over a disputed throne?
Lucifer Lucifer
Did your claws rip with fury?
How embattled were the pearly gates?
As the treacherous seraphim rattled their gilded cage
Lucifer Lucifer
Bearer of Light
Bringer of Liberty
How was the mythic flight?
They rattled their golden cages
As renegade Arch-Angels stormed the pearly gates

The Serpent Seed Doctrine

- Bartok Lycus

Nearly everyone knows the creation story from the first chapter of the bible about the garden of Eden and Adam and Eve, especially if you were born and raised in a Western civilization. It is said that Adam’s body was formed from the dust of the earth and later he was given a soul that was breathed into him by Yahweh. An interesting note to consider is that Adam could have

been wandering the lonely and barren earth as a soulless golem for many years before he was imbued with a soul by his creator. Adam the first man was eventually given a wife who was formed from one of his lower ribs to ensure her submission and obedience to her husband. This was necessary because Adam's first wife Lilith wasn't exactly a docile and domestic housewife but the mother of succubi Lilith is a topic for another article. Genesis describes a tranquil paradise that was corrupted once Eve was tricked by the serpent into eating the forbidden fruit. It is said that Eve was tempted into disobedience and seduced by the serpent into eating the forbidden fruit with enticing promises of enlightenment, ecstasy and even divine transformation into Godhood. A disturbing fact only a few smaller, more obscure and more controversial Christian sects have gotten correct over time with their personal exegesis of scripture is that Eve was sexually seduced by the serpent into an abominable union of bestial lust. The deflowering of Eve at the hands of the Arch-Fiend of the demonic races, the blasphemous loss of her virginity to a different species and the resulting violation and desecration of her purity and innocence was the basis and essence of what is known as original sin. Eve became pregnant with the bad seed, pregnant with the child of Satan and when that child of perdition was born he was called Cain. Eve was sorely penalized by Yahweh during her troubled and strained childbirth of Cain. That cursed childbirth was wracked with torment, screams and difficulty. The pious and well-mannered Abel was favored by his

mother and father as he was fruit of their mortal union as husband and wife whereas the black sheep Cain was a grim and persistent reminder of Eve's disobedience and unfaithfulness to both her husband and their creator god. The blistering contrast between the two brothers could not have been starker. Cain was the living and breathing product of Eve's life altering original sin that brought the terrorizing blights of pain, suffering and death into the once paradisiacal world. Adam and Eve attempted in all sincerity and good intention to love and nurture Cain with the same care and compassion they had towards Abel but subconsciously they resented him for the blight he represented. Cain was a tainted symbol. The two brother's offerings to Yahweh hold a lot of symbolic significance that can be examined. Abel offered Yahweh the best fatlings of his flock, nourishing and succulent meat, whereas Cain offered nothing but rotten fruit. It's not that Cain could not have procured a better offering for Yahweh if he had put his heart and mind to the task but it is that subconsciously or maybe even quite consciously he wanted to insult Yahweh because he knew they shared not the same roots nor the same destiny, Cain was not Yahweh's child and was instead a poisonous thorn in his flesh. He was a bastard child condemned to loneliness and bitterness. Cain knew well the painful rift he represented in his family unit and therefore he never felt close to them, love was entirely alien to him, he was a hollow creation, abjectly soulless. This bastard child Cain grew to be strong and rebellious, he became the first murderer when in

an act of jealousy and extreme rage he crushed his brother's skull with a rock while they were standing in a field together. Cain's legendary act of defiance to the law of Yahweh was marked in blood. In this way he could exact revenge on his hated brother while simultaneously punishing his cold and neglectful parents in a brutal twofold manner, they would forever lose both of their sons in tragic fashion. This antisocial act of bloody fratricide further strengthened the dismal current of discord and disharmony that had been brought into the world by his mother's unspeakable original sin. The traumatized foundations of the earth had been shaken once more and the devil triumphed at the exquisite success of his fiendish workings. As punishment for his fatal transgression Yahweh afflicted Cain with a bestial curse of immortality. Cain is doomed to wander the earth as a tormented pariah until the end of time. Images of the brutish and hideous Sasquatch may come to mind. It may be no coincidence that cryptid Bigfoot creatures are commonly reported to reek of sulfur. As Satanists we acknowledge and honor Cain as the head of our hideous priesthood, a malefic priesthood he inherited from Lord Satan. Both Lucifer and Cain are cosmic rebels who seek supreme dominion through disorder. Cain's actions mirror those of Lucifer's in heaven. Where Lucifer brought war to heaven, Cain brought war to earth. They are both pioneers of the bloody sword. A lucky few of us devoted and practicing Theistic Satanists are naturally of the royal Satanic bloodline of Cain thorough a direct genetic lineage. Telltale signs of this are

defiant antisocial attitudes and behaviors as well as sociopathic and psychopathic traits. For those Satanists who have traces of the blood of Cain in their system these cunning and predatory traits are innate and do not have to be worked towards. Through the caustic serpent seed bloodline empathy and all the vulnerabilities and weaknesses that come with it have been surgically removed from the biology of the Cain-kin Satanist. Satan in this way is an infernal eugenicist and Social Darwinist. He desires a strong and intrepid Satanic race, a race which has shed its fragile humanity, a bold demonic species fit for reigning and ruling in a new antediluvian age. Lord Satan desires a new caliginous epoch so thoroughly depraved and iniquitous that a horrified Yahweh is forced to intervene once more in order to purge the amoral ecstatic sinners who ravage the planet with reckless abandon to pursue their libertine transgressions. Those who are not of the royal bloodline of Cain can become symbolically adopted into the Brotherhood of Cain through dedicated dark communion and personal sacrifice to Satan and his infernal hierarchy. They can become endarkened branches grafted onto the malevolent tree of Satan. There has been much speculation amongst Satanists and Abrahamites alike about when the events of the book of revelation will come to pass. Many wonder when the beast system will impose its evil totalitarian rule and force humanity to take the mark of the beast. When will the false prophet and Antichrist set up their malefic shadow government upon the earth? Some people

operate under the erroneous mentality and attitude that we will just have to sit on our hands and wait and see. This is entirely false. Real Satanism is not a spectator sport and it is not a casual undertaking for the meek and the passive. It’s your duty as a Satanist to get your hands dirty and cultivate a taste for blood. The metaphor of global warming and climate change becomes useful here to elucidate my point. While the author himself does not personally believe the alarmist propaganda about this supposed existential threat, the workable metaphor is still constructive to bringing about the pestilent new millennium. The basic and simple idea behind the concepts of global warming and climate change is that if human activity produces enough pollution then the consequence will be the unnatural rising of temperatures and sea levels and in turn the rapid multiplication of catastrophic disasters with dire global consequences. Let us then in a perverted spiritual sense mold and mutilate this earth with our acidic claws, consciously and deliberately let us pollute this world with our blackest sins and our foulest transgressions in a calculated and weaponized fashion until we have intentionally fostered and cultivated a pestilent atmosphere saturated with our putrid corruption. In this way the dominant Satanic race will forge an unforgiving environment that is utterly toxic and inhospitable to the Abrahamite sheep but nourishing and exhilarating to the Satanic goat. Another great example to illustrate my point is what is called ‘Last Generation Theology’ which is an official doctrine of Seventh Day Adventists. In this

doctrine we see another divine debate between Satan and Yahweh like we witness in Job in the Old Testament. Yahweh takes pride and glory in Jesus because he lived a perfect sinless life and was completely loyal to the Ten Commandments. Satan challenges Yahweh and proclaims that his laws and rules are too strict and unfair and then tells Yahweh that due to the rigidness of his laws none of the children of Adam could ever follow in Jesus's spotless footsteps and achieve what he did. Yahweh takes up Satan on his bet and tells Satan that the last generation of mankind will be a perfect sinless generation who will live flawless lives in total obedience and faithfulness to the Ten Commandments. Yahweh is so confident in the idea that his prophecy of the perfect sinless generation will come to pass that he tells Satan the second coming of his son will not be initiated until the last generation of mankind proved themselves to be spiritually flawless even in the face of severe persecution and great trials and tribulations. Here within the rancorous ranks of Satanic Front we also have a Last Generation Theology except our inverted version contains decidedly more discord, debauchery and death. We understand on an instinctual and cellular level that the enthronement of the Antichrist and the coming of Satan's Hellish Kingdom on Earth will not be ushered in by mere wishful thinking and idle chatter but by the baleful and malevolent deeds of our own possessed and dedicated hands. Until we raise an unholy army of perfectly corrupted sinners, we are not worthy of being incorporated into Lucifer's Legions. As

dedicated and devoted Satanists let us be like our renegade ancestor and produce bitter and rotten fruit upon the desecrated shrine of the false god Yahweh. Wielding blood-stained weapons of iniquity and spewing forth vile sin upon the ever-darkening lands of our growing dominion, we as True Theistic Satanists are the grim catalysts and sardonic harbingers of the Antichrist. There is no need to sit on our hands and wait for the prophecies of the Evil One to manifest and unfold. We ARE the prophecies of the Evil One. The changing of epochs do not occur with the mere passing of time, the changing of epochs are spurred on by relentless action and titanic events which demand by their own force and majesty the opening of a new chapter and this one we inhabit is no different. Let us watch as the sun becomes bloated and diseased in a bleeding revenant sky, let us drink wine and revel in sacrilegious celebration as the Prince of Darkness arrives in the shadowy chariot of Saturn. History will be stamped with the profane and unmistakable seal of the cloven-hoof and time itself will be torn asunder by the devils searing trident. LONG LIVE THE SATANIC FRONT! HAIL SATAN!

666

Am I Forever Forsaken?

Broken splintered and faraway
Hollow in the home of the hanging
Hollow in the home of the dead
Will bullets fall like rain?
To spell out my demise
Are we doomed?
To gaze into the mirror of sorrow
For life
The hopeless children
They walk on broken glass

Can I whisper misery in your ear?

Can I stop the flow of life?
Can I show you the beauty in decay?
Turin shroud in tatters

Tread among the bloodied pathways
With a soft thought
Grab the hand of your savior
Speckled with gold and lies
Wash away your sins
And with it your mind
Although it matters not to me
The lonely rotting of the blind

Late Night Occult Discussion circa 2020

Bartok Lycus

An arcane obsidian darkness more radiant than sunlight. 6:16 PM

Commandant Cultus

Pure form of propitiation is consumption of child flesh 6:17 PM

The truest means to attain “alchemical gold” 6:17 PM

Bartok Lycus

Whenever I meditate on the idea of Saturn I see a megalithic colossus blotting out the sun in an eternal eclipse. 6:18 PM

Commandant Cultus

Think that’s very intuitive of you 6:19 PM

Because that’s really what most of these secret societies are working toward 6:19 PM

Bartok Lycus

Interesting how the Jews are also Saturn worshipers and use the symbol of the black cube. They even tie a black cube onto their heads as a rite encouraging the messiah to come .6:20 PM

Commandant Cultus

Well yeah just look at the Sabbath
6:21 PM

Saturn’s Day

6:21 PM

Bartok Lycus

I think their Saturn worship predates the religion of Judaism and comes from when they were still pagan tribes in service to Baal and Molech. Judaism is confusing it is very materialistic and nihilistic in the sense that it doesn't promise salvation in the ways that other religions do. Also, the Jews idea of paradise will be a kingdom on earth. 6:23 PM

Commandant Cultus

Yeah that’s absolutely right 6:24 PM

They were still worshipping the gold bull in the Old Testament6:25 PM

Bartok Lycus

With Freemasons as their enforcers and executioners and gentile goyim as their slaves. 6:25 PM

The fact that kikes don't believe in a higher supernatural realm to ascend to does a lot to explain their materialistic greed. 6:27 PM

Commandant Cultus

Depends on the branch of Kabbalah 6:27 PM

Some early ones actually identified malkuth with Saturn we believe 6:28 PM

Bartok Lycus

Malkuth? 6:28 PM

Commandant Cultus

The earthly plane 6:41 PM

Bartok Lycus

It seems like Saturn is the most ancient planet like it belonged to a distant prehistoric age. Like you were saying the original sun. The black sun that was banished but shall return one day in a new Aeon.6:44 PM

Commandant Cultus

Also prominent when the bloodlines were in power 6:45 PM

Hence the natural attraction to Satanism among us 6:45 PM

Feeling quite a lot of very sickly melancholic energies tonight as well...6:46 PM

Intense doom 6:46 PM

Dark nights of the rural south 6:49 PM

Bartok Lycus

This conversation about Saturn has been very enlightening and inspiring for me. Like I just found a big piece of the esoteric puzzle I was missing.6:51 PM

Commandant Cultus

Ties everything together for sure 6:51 PM

I found out about it first hand via the undead 6:51 PM

They told me it was the “secret sun” 6:52 PM

Later did I do the actual research 6:52 PM

Bartok Lycus

I wonder if Saturn was around when Belial ruled his three fallen worlds before the demiurge even came into existence.7:00 PM

Commandant Cultus

Think the whole demiurge concept is a bit misunderstood7:06 PM

Mostly by the anti -cosmic satanism people or “dark gnostic” strain7:06 PM

Bartok Lycus

How do you think it's misunderstood? 7:10 PM

Commandant Cultus

If anything Satan is more in line with the demiurge concept 7:11 PM

Because that’s exactly what some of the renegade Gnostics did 7:11 PM

Which is the root of aristocratic Saturn worship such as in fame of Saturn 7:11 PM

Chose to worship the “evil” demiurge with foul and perverse offerings 7:11 PM

Bartok Lycus

Very interesting I don't know much about Gnosticism but it seems like a lot of wisdom can be learned from that source that seem to be relevant to almost all spiritual paths.7:13 PM

Continued Below.....

They Shall Take Up Serpents

– Agony’s Point Press

What constitutes those agents of chaos - those who by their allegiance, concrete actions and intrinsic nature embody Satan upon the earth?

For the demographic most choice, the elect, that which is satanic manifests at the point of their very own advent - for these are of the Thirteenth Satanic Bloodline, that “old dragon” thrown down to earth, incarnate again as a genetic strain that exists to this day - walking the world unseen - and which will continue to exist, exerting power covertly until the veil is pulled back and the coming forth of that which lay beyond. Armageddon, the “battle of the wheat fields” when Gog and Magog shall come to reign over all in dread and ghastly power.

Among their number are the mandarins and black wizards of Satan’s power - the false prophets - who herald the coming of the Antichrist.

“Be ye wise as serpents”, thus says the scripture - yet also in another that “they shall take up serpents”. Among the former are counted the false prophets, those which by the machinations of signs and wonders possess the ability to “deceive even the elect”. Moreover, as emissaries of Satan - he who possesses the innate power to “deceive the whole world” - as parts and parcels of that hideous strength it is those very false prophets who will pave the way for regency then Satan’s own dread power over all the earth. It is they who will come with omens which will herald Satan’s coming reign.

Where omens do not already occur by the unfolding of end-times prophecy they will be manufactured - for it is within the power of the false prophets to so manipulate and distort the fabric of

reality, plotting forward course which will see those of the Thirteenth Satanic Bloodline arise in horrible power and others to be cast down, doomed to perdition.

Who are these then who will “take up serpents”? These have been identified most specifically since deepest antiquity by that very signifier - the hand that holds aloft the viper that does not strike its bearer, yet who casts its venomous gaze down upon all those so beholding. These are the demons, those whose advent are marked with all manner of natural disaster - the cyclone, the whirlwind, the uncontrollable sea who punishes and the raging fire which brings each and every one thing to destruction and ruin. How many such events have marked recent years, how much the increase and frequency, how many demons born upon the earth?

Holy Terror

- *In Nomine Dei Nostri Satanas.*

-The United Satanic Guard

In these recent years I have had horrific encounters. - From sleep paralysis, nightmares, apparitions, vision, etc. This dream has stuck with me.

I was surrounded in an abandoned building littered with papers taped
to the walls and scattered on the floor, cracks and slashes in the

wall assuming this place had been vacant for decades. - It almost looked to have been under siege during a previous war. There were booths with empty stores, only broken wood and stained tiles could be seen throughout most the building. In the room with papers there was a little girl in the dresses you would imagine every girl to wear, she seemed to be intelligent, more than a child her age should be. Her presence radiated with impending doom, her body contorted, and her eyes seeped black liquid like rotting blood. She then was lifted into the corner of the room against the ceiling and two walls, her teeth were sharpened razor sharp and dripped black liquid. Cuts began to form on her body and close, over and over.
This was the manifestation of one of the four angels of prostitution.

Desecration and Transgression

- Lucifane

Desecration, in the sense of desecrating Abrahamic structures or texts serves many purposes, one is the immediately observable effect, declaring to everyone in the vicinity of that structure that it now belongs to Satan, it also serves as a form of transgression,

further distancing ourselves from the false god and its false concepts of 'morality', performing an act of this nature shows discipline and dedication to Satan and this way of life. Transgression, on the other hand, is the drive behind our Satanic evolution. By breaking the chains of Abrahamic law and crossing the boundaries set by the false god, we liberate ourselves from its "morality”. Every taboo shattered, every boundary crossed. True dedication to this path requires more than passive rejection —it demands action. Transgression is not for the faint of heart; it is for those willing to stake everything for our satanic agenda. These aren't aimless acts but calculated operations. It is through these acts of defiance that we further align ourselves with Satan, it's not only an act of destruction, but a forging, we carve out what once was cancer and leave space for Satan's will to take root. And in doing so, we walk the path of darkness with pride, knowing that our dedication is not a fleeting gesture but a commitment to Hell.

Visions of Hell Ritual

- Bartok Lycus

The difficulty of this rite is considerable and its proper execution requires a fair amount of commitment and dedication from the Satanic magician but nothing too physically exhausting, mentally taxing or insanely demanding will be asked of the operator. This solitary rite takes an estimated two or three hours to complete. There are a few magickal items necessary to perform this rite and the possession of these items is non-negotiable to the benefits and completion of the rite. If the magician in question does not own these items he should not worry as they are common items which can be purchased at any magic shop or can be bought online with ease for fairly low prices. This rite is moderately time consuming and should be planned for accordingly and performed in the dead of night in a quiet place where the lone operator is certain he will not be bothered. Ideal places for this magickal working are attics, cellars, garages or even outside tents or caverns. In the author's personal experience the most potent and effective rituals are the ones that the magician has invested the most thought into as well as the most time and effort into completing. In this way the ritual becomes personal and meaningful to the magician as opposed to just passing entertainment. Before anything else the Satanist should take a bath and clean himself out of respect for Satan and his demons. For this rite you will need six red or black candles as well as a pendulum with a silver chain. You will also need a portable scrying mirror. You will need a bowl that will contain a vile and profane mixture created by you. We will come back to

the ingredients required for the preparation of the foul mixture later. Firstly, find your pendulum that will be used in the magickal operation. Get a blank piece of parchment and draw four quadrants on the parchment with a red pen. You will use the same red pen to draw a sigil in the epicenter of the quadrant on the parchment. The sigil should be of the Goetic Demon the operator has made a pact with and is currently working with. Draw the sigil as neatly and precisely as you can. Now the operator in this rite uses a razorblade to cut his left ring finger until a few rivulets leave the cut, dripping droplets of crimson upon the floor. Collect the necessary vital blood from the cut and imbue the sigil on the parchment with the blood. Hold the silver chain of the pendulum with the thumb and ring finger of your left-hand. Those who are familiar with pendulums and their uses should know that sending psychic signals towards the pendulum influences it to swing clockwise or counterclockwise without the need for physical motion. For instance hang the pendulum in front of your face and hold it a few inches away from your pineal gland, until it is hanging between your eyes. Let the pendulum hang still, as motionless as possible. Make sure to refrain from moving a muscle and influencing the pendulum with your hand or any other part of your physical body. Now send clear and repeated mental commands of ‘Yes’ to the pendulum. The pendulum will eventually decide on a direction it wants to swing for the positive Yes. Although you will make it crystal clear to the divinatory object that there is only one acceptable answer. You

must program your pendulum to swing clockwise for Yes and counterclockwise for No. For those who have already programmed the pendulum they are using for this magickal operation in the correctly described manner they can simply skip the part just relayed. Take your red pen and for every four parts of the quadrant drawn on the parchment you should write an infernal keyword. These keywords should be gibberish not found in an English dictionary. Something a possessed person speaking in tongues might utter during their spasmodic trance. For instance. KASKA. VURTES. LIPPAZ. ERFERT. Take note that these sound familiar to the names of Goetic spirits. The mentally conjured infernal keywords should be no longer than six letters in length. Do not overthink the conjuring of these infernal keywords. Just close your eyes and let them arise to you naturally and without difficulty or mental strain. While you conjure forth the infernal keywords let the pendulum dangle between your eyes, a few inches away from your pineal gland or third eye. Once you are done with this process write the four infernal keywords on each four parts of the quadrant in the upper left-hand side of the separate squares. It does not matter which of the four infernal keywords you choose to place on what quadrant, this process can be easily and smoothly randomized. Once this is done lay out the parchment before you and hover your pendulum over the blood-imbued sigil. Close your eyes once more and chant the negative command in your mind clearly and repeatedly until the pendulum is swinging in a counterclockwise

manner at maximum speed. Count down a full thirteen seconds before reaching out with your stiffened right hand and bringing the swinging pendulum to a complete and sudden halt. Open your eyes and take note of where the pendulum stopped and what quadrant and infernal keyword it stopped nearest to. Now you must memorize this infernal keyword for later ritual activation. Put down the pendulum to prepare the profane mixture in the bowl. Gather ashes from a burning cigarette or cigar and put them in the bowl. For a particularly malevolent intensifier to this rite you may choose to use the ashes of a deceased relative or perhaps the ashes of a cremated pet. Canine, feline or human, any species of ashes will do. Once a chunk of ashes is collected by the magician and placed into the bowl then you must spit into the bowl multiple times to create a shallow pool of saliva before briefly urinating into the bowl, a stream or two of urine should suffice. You do not want to overflow the bowl. Using a pointer finger you will swirl this foul mixture in the bowl in a counterclockwise manner until it congeals and forms into a greyish sludge. Before heading to his ritual chamber for the final part of the rite, the magician may leave his pendulum behind as it has served its purpose and he will no longer need it in the closing chapter of the working. Now the magician will gather his filthy bowl, his scrying mirror, his parchment, as well as his six red or black candles and he will go to his transcendental place of flame meditation where he shall invoke hellish visions from the Demonic Realm. Once there the

lone operator will set up an altar in the center of his ritual space, any type of makeshift altar is permitted as long as it has a flat surface which can adequately host the six candles and the parchment. Place the parchment on the middle of the altar and then place the six candles around the parchment in a circular pattern. Dip your fingers into the profane mixture in the bowl and then using the foul sludge on your digit draw in a counterclockwise manner two concentric circles on the concrete, stone or hardwood floor around the altar. Make the dual circles wide enough so you can comfortably sit within the first circle and be close to the candles, parchment and the altar. Now paint an inverted cross onto your forehead with the foul mixture. Place your scrying mirror close to your body within easy reach in the first profane circle. Light the six candles on the altar and make sure the flames from the candles are the only source of light in the dim ritual chamber. Remove all articles of clothing until completely naked. Toss clothes to one corner of the space, far away from the altar and ritual circles. Sit cross-legged with a straight and tall posture within the first profane circle and stare closely at the dancing flames of the six candles. Now you will do a short but impassioned invocation to your patron demon. This brief invocation can be spontaneous as long as it is a sincere and intense calling forth of the spirit to inhabit your being. Once the invocation is complete the possessed magician will try to banish all thoughts from his mind and enter into a state of deep relaxation. The magician floats weightlessly now in a calm place

of infinite quiet and tranquility. Your brain waves are changing form and becoming sublime in nature. Keep staring faithfully at the enchanting flames which dance on the altar before you and let them mesmerize you into a feeling of surreal unreality. Feel your blood pressure lowering, your heart rate slowing down and all stress in your body evaporating. Stay in this deep state of meditative trance for at least ten minutes while staring at the flames. The magician will now close his eyes and meditate for another ten minutes with his eyes closed. The magician will notice that with his eyes closed his mind and endarkened vision become an infernal theater, a theater consumed by a blazing furnace of fire and brimstone. With his eyes closed the magician who is enclosed within the two profane circles begins to feel ominous and oppressive entities manifesting within all corners of the ritual chamber. These dark and aggressive energies will inspire primal fear within the magician and he will likely want to open his eyes in response to the alarming feeling of fight or flight surging within him, he will want to scan the perceived threats assimilating around him and likely even want to flee in terror but he must remain seated with his eyes closed. When the magician feels ten minutes have passed he should open his eyes and now keep his sight firmly focused on the parchment on the altar. He should fix his eyes on the blood-imbued sigil to be precise. The magician will notice from his haunted peripheral vision the inhuman lurching and heaving of monstrous entities within the ritual chamber. He may even smell their pungent odor and feel

their acrid breath upon his bare flesh. The operator is not permitted to look at these entities. His fragile sanity could not bear the weight of a direct visual confrontation of these malicious and malformed entities and barbarous imps. He must keep his loyal sight fixed on the blood-imbued sigil on the parchment before him. The magician will proceed to lift up the parchment from the altar and hold it above the nearest candle flame, burning the entire parchment and blood-imbued sigil into ashes. The magician must at least partially inhale the smoky consequence of this immolation of ritual parchment with his nostrils. Enough smoke inhalation at least to cause a small sting in the back of the throat and to cause the eyes of the magician to well up with water in protest. Now the magician must recall the infernal keyword that he divined with the pendulum earlier. Looking at the ashes of the withered parchment he will whisper the infernal keyword and he shall continue to whisper it. The deranged and emotive whisper of the infernal keyword will slowly but surely rise in volume until it becomes a piercing and distorted bark and then a blood-curdling scream that echoes in the ritual chamber. After the infernal keyword is screamed a dozen or so times the magician will bring the scrying mirror to a secure and fixed position of three or four inches in front of his face. Gaze into the obsidian portal to the underworld that is the scrying mirror and behold as magnificent and marvelous Visions of Hell enrapture your sight. This vivid and harrowing tour of the Demonic Domain will permanently cauterize its way into your

psyche and you will never forget it. Once the mutating visions of Hell cease to materialize on the surface of the scrying mirror the magician should rapidly and forcefully blow out all the candles on the altar until the ritual chamber is submerged in a heavy primeval darkness. Sit in the darkness for another ten minutes of grateful meditation for what the Revelatory Evil Ones have been so courteous to reveal to you. After the final meditation is done you should whisper a short and thankful prayer to Lord Satan. Do not banish the evil energies in the ritual chamber, let them fester, breed and multiply. The more palpably and dreadfully saturated your ritual chamber is with blasphemous spirits the better for the enhancement of future magickal workings. The Visions of Hell Rite is complete. Going forward you will feel a strengthening of your binds with the powers of darkness. The magician may leave the ritual chamber.

“On the scarred wings of an ambassador wraith my crystallized consciousness surveys the stygian palaces of the underworld, the glorious Kingdom of Hell, Lord Satan show me the pathways of perdition, imbue me with the wisdom of the damned”. – *Victor Vice*

Cairns of Obscenity

- A Fiend

Sebastian was a weird little dude and he had a naughty little hobby. A private and cherished hobby which he called his cairns of obscenity. All it required was a little bit of twisted imagination

and a willingness to trek into the wilderness and stack stones. To begin Sebastian would meditate in a dark room for a minimum of ten minutes on whatever perverse fantasy aroused his dark passions. This forbidden fantasy was always centered on some sort of societal taboo that carries with it a heavy and shameful stigma. Something that polite company would find reprehensible and something you would not engage in conversation with your mother about to put it lightly. After the perverse meditation is through Sebastian would write a short piece of obscene fiction on a piece of parchment paper. This lewd tale was always to be handwritten and was at least three hundred words in length and no more than four hundred words in length. He always made sure his handwriting was neat and legible as possible. Sebastian wrote a short scenario that was appalling and deplorable. Themes included were often bestiality, necrophilia, incest, and a filthy litany of other scatological perversions he cooked up in his depraved mind. Wait until he educated his curious audience about the infamous Hungarian Curry Pot, The Norwegian Blowtorch or the Rainbow Kiss. Sebastian chuckled to himself with an impish and self-satisfied smirk. The graven sky is the limit for a sick and creative mind like Sebastian’s. Any and all thought crime will be scoffed at and transgressed here. His mind was an illuminated light bulb filled with caustic poison. He let the poison flow onto the page and reflect his inner demented freak. Once he was done writing the lewd tale he would find an eye-catching envelope or container to house it in. Make sure the

envelope or container is not bland and plain and that it is unique enough to attract attention. Sebastian sometimes drew some colorful mythic designs on the exterior of the envelope or if he wanted to be extra devious and mischievous he placed the sick fantasy inside a vibrant and cheery Christmas card or Easter card. Now Sebastian would take the smutty enveloped tale and go out into the wilderness. He would build a cairn in the middle of a wide trail or path that he knew was traversed often. If a living soul witnessed him in the act of constructing a cairn then he aborted the quest and found another spot to construct the cairn where he was not to be observed. He found at least eight stones to construct a respectable cairn or stone tower with and he proceeded to slip the enveloped tale into the midsection of the cairn. Sebastian placed the envelope or container so that it is secured by the stones but also to make sure that its presence is also readily visible to anyone who passes by. Now Sebastian said a short prayer to Satan while he stood by the cairn he had constructed. This served as an anti-consecration spell of sorts, a concentrated spell of desecration. Then the Satanic magician named Sebastian performed the Sign of Cornu over the top of the stone tower with his right fist and barked ‘HAIL SATAN’! Now the Satanic magician left the desecrated place of the cairn and he did not look back. On his trek back home the Satanist contemplated what kind of person will stumble upon his stone idol. Will they discover and open the envelope? After the first few sentences have been scanned by their eyes will morbid curiosity

keep them reading or will they rip the paper into ribbons or crumple it up and toss it away after becoming aware of its gross content? Will they read his lewd and grotesque tale to completion? If so what will their emotional reaction be? Will it be disgust and outrage? The Satanist can only hope because moral indignation is his sweetest elixir. Could it possibly be excitement and arousal? A kindred lecher stumbling upon your stone idol and the succulent sin within, call that disharmonious serendipity. The Satanist Sebastian will never know the outcome of his impish experiment but his personal desires may fill in the blanks. If someone does end up reading his forbidden fantasy than himand that mystery person will forever share an intimate and invisible link as the only two people whose eyes were blessed with your transgressive and corrupt emanation. Mischief is Magick.

Banquet of Beelzebub Ritual

- Bartok Lycus

This ritual is extremely difficult and demanding but also extremely rewarding and fulfilling for the Satanist if done

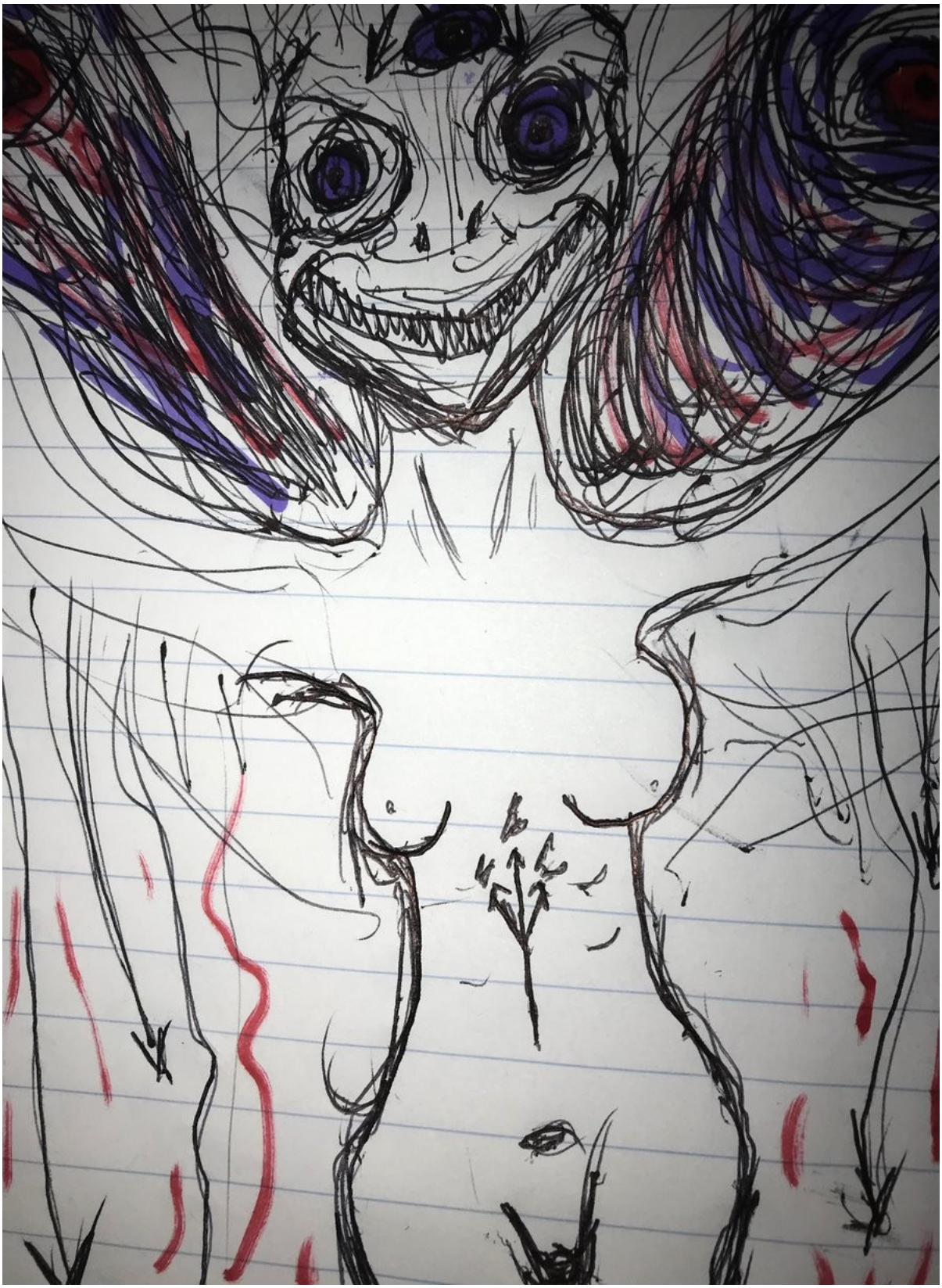
correctly. The rewards reaped from completion of this ritual working are a lofty uptick in amorous attention from the opposite sex as well as a general boost in testosterone. This ritual is focused on the contrast between abstinence and indulgence and it is about bridging that gap between the two in a dramatic and jarring way. This ritual will create a hideous and ghastly unity between abstinence and indulgence. The operator should take note of classical grimoires such as the Grimoirium Verum. In some of these old grimoires we can see a consistent and recurring theme behind the rituals. This theme is that the magician must sanctify and consecrate himself in certain ways before communing with the demonic forces and commanding them to perform some task on his behalf. This is because in order to make contact with the demonic realm the magician must first appease what can be called the descending hierarchy. If he fails to do this he cannot open the gate. The magician must initially appease the angelic forces to gain access to the infernal powers. Here we see the opposite and contrasting forces of asceticism and indulgence coming into play. For the hedonist to truly appreciate unbridled pleasure and revelry he must first be capable of discipline and self-control. You cannot truly savor the fruits of either state if you are only experienced in one of them. You must know the taste of the bitter to appreciate the taste of the sweet. Now we have arrived at the structured steps of the ritual. Firstly, the magician will have to achieve thirty full days of abstinence from drugs and alcohol. During this period of

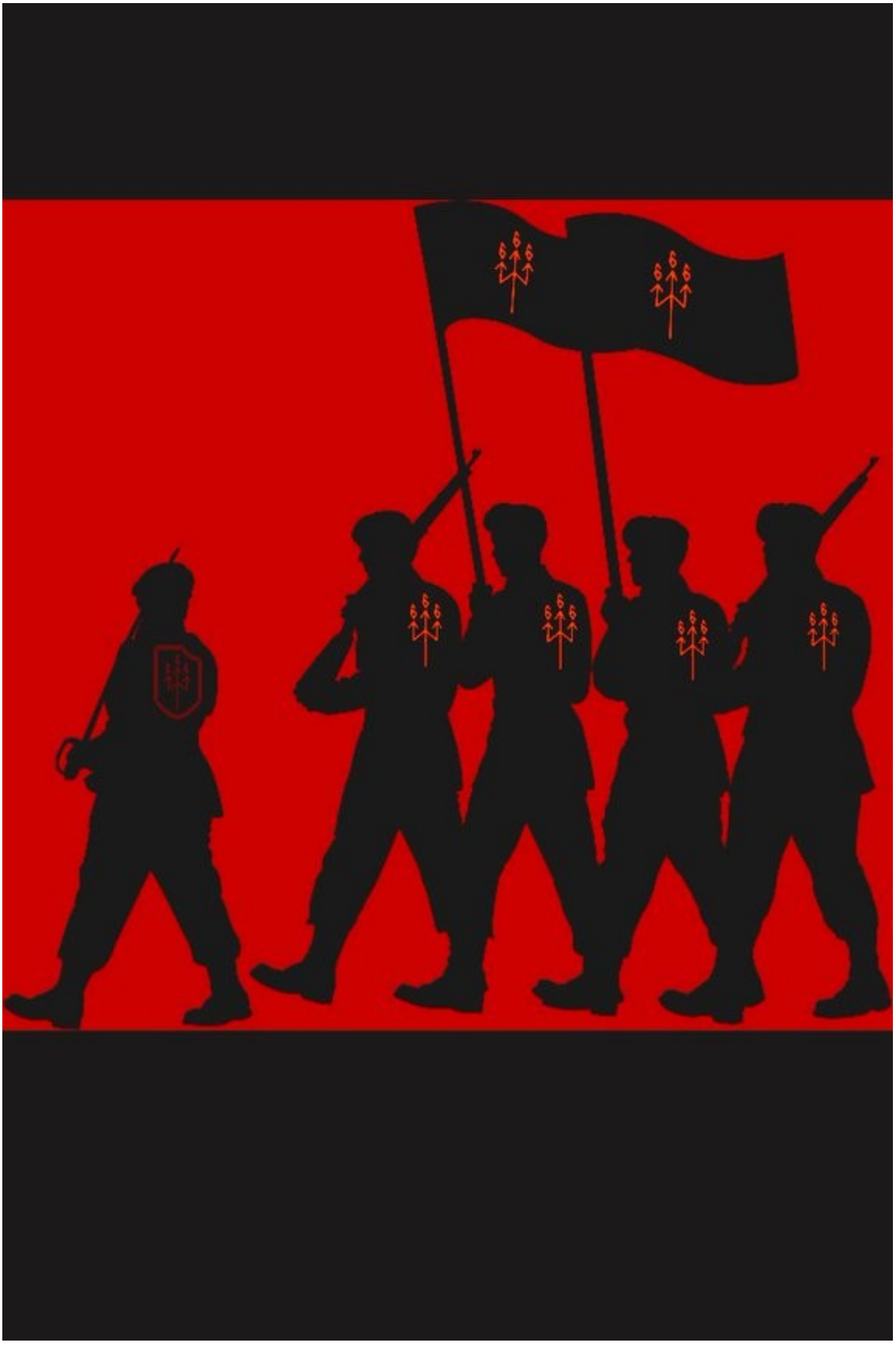
abstinence the magician must also refrain from watching porn or masturbating. You may have heard of the practice called semen retention or sexual energy transmutation and that is certainly an integral part that must be adhered to in order to ensure the success of this ritual working. Asceticism is understandably unpopular with many Satanists as we did not take up the mantled horns of the goat to be in the business of monkhood and vows of celibacy. But you must understand that this abstinence and asceticism is a necessary means to an end. Any semblance of purity that is cultivated in the operator in this short period is done in order to unceremoniously cast it into a bottomless pit of sin. The needful practice of consciously and deliberately entering into periods of delayed gratification is important for building determination and resolve. Make no mistake about it there will be ample time for decadence and debauchery when the time is right. In this thirty day period of abstinence you are sanctifying yourself for the eventual purpose of your own defilement. Once the ascetic magician has achieved a full thirty days of sobriety and chastity is when the real excitement begins. The operator of the working should prepare for himself a red potion that will eventually be rubbed on his bare chest. The red potion should be sticky and sweet. Honey mixed with red food coloring is perfect for the creation of this red potion but the operator is free to improvise. The operator must know gather a razorblade. Next you must acquire a burdensome object for a nocturnal wilderness trek. The author of this ritual used a whale bone for his uphill

burden but as this is not exactly a common item the reader may use something more accessible like a dumbbell as his uphill burden as long as the dumbbell is at least twenty five pounds in weight. Wait until the clock strikes midnight to undertake this quest. Bring with you the razorblade, the red potion and the cumbersome weight and find a place in the woods that has a steep trail that leads to a summit. Carry the burdensome object all the way up the steep hill until you reach the summit. You can drop the cumbersome object now and take a few minutes to catch your breath from the physical exertion. Look up into the night sky and observe the stars and the state of the moon. Now the Satanist will remove his shirt and rub the contents of the red potion onto his bare chest. The operator will now use his razorblade to slice seven lacerations into his left shoulder. These cuts need not be deep but they must not be shallow either. The cuts must be deep enough to get a decent sanguinary drip going. Crimson rivulets must spill to the ground. The feral Satanist will then rub his right palm in the blood from the lacerations on his shoulder and smear it across his face. Now is the time the Satanic magician will evoke the entities of Lilith or Dionysus or both as an amorous pair as they both exemplify lust and hedonism to the highest degree. The Satanic barbarian is now in a half-crazed and frenzied state and his lower appetites cry out for more. The Satanist will then envision himself engaged in an act of sexual conquest with a woman that he finds spellbindingly attractive and intoxicating to the senses. Make the erotic fantasy

as vivid and vibrant as possible. Once the Satanist feels sufficiently moved by lust he should begin to masturbate with his bloody right hand while staring at the moon and the stars. The self-pleasuring Satanist should build slowly and rhythmically up to climax while deeply immersed in lustful fantasy and let his base animal nature consume every fiber of his being. He is not a normal human being, he is a thoroughly debauched and vulgar mammal. When the Satanist finally ejaculates he should make his powerful orgasm as cathartic and euphoric as possible and envision his expelled semen as a brilliant blue plasma arrow that either pierces the moon or is launched over the dark horizon. Once the orgasm is complete the Satanist is free to gather his items and head back to his lair. Once the Satanist returns to his domicile he is to eat a plate of raw beef and then wash it down with copious amounts of beer and whiskey. The Satanist is to get wasted before he finally goes to bed in a drunken haze. He is not to shower, wash his face or brush his teeth before rest. He is to sleep naked in his drying blood and filth. Once the Satanist wakes he has successfully completed the masculine crucible known as the Banquet of Beelzebub Ritual. He will develop a more refined taste for debauchery and gain a new found respect for both asceticism and indulgence and the baneful boons brought forth from the abominable wedding of these complimentary opposites. The Satanist will feel a hardwired heightened capability for carnality and brutality now. We salute you determined Soldier of Satan!

The Blood-Stained Whale Bone of Bartok Lycus. Dubbed ‘Belial’s Skull’





Note- The following medieval account of a sacrificial ritual was found as a loose sheet of parchment within a book about medieval occultism that was found at the local library. Its origin and author are unknown. Whether the magician and events in the account describe a true happening and real person or a fictitious entity and fabricated event are unclear. One thing is for sure though, whoever wrote this ritual has a callous and macabre mind.

To Receive The Light Of The Lord

- A Devil

The black magician high up in the haunted foothills obtained a babe less than one year of age through highly illicit means.

He brought the child to a remote location along with a Ritual robe, dagger and chalice.

The lecherous magician called the lords of the four corners and the Devil himself to witness the Ritual and to bless himself with the eternal light.

He carved an inverted pentagram into the abdomen of the infant, followed by a 6 inch incision each at the top point of the pentagram and the middle.

The magician plucked out and consumed the eyes of the infant. This will give the spiritual sight to see all Demons in attendance and a glimpse of the Lord in all his glory.

The murderous magician held the infant still over the chalice. He then cut deeply into its throat using the dagger and allowed the blood to over flow the chalice.

The lecherous magician laid the infant behind the chalice.

The magician took the chalice and offered a drink to all the Demons in attendance.

He requested the Devil's blessing and consumed the remainder, save for a portion of the sacred blood to be poured into a small vile.

The morbid magician returned to his lair and harvested the fat of the infant. He mixed the saved blood into fat. He then molded a candle from the rendered fat.

Bones of his choosing were then harvested to fashion a candle holder.

Finally the skin was taken and tanned for use as a surface covering for the candle.

The reverse Lord’s Prayer was tattooed into the skin using a needle that has passed through the corpse of one who has committed parricide.

Theban script was used.

Once the operation was complete, when the candle was lit and the lord’s prayer is said in reverse all the powers of darkness were immediately and without reservations at the complete

disposal of the magician and fulfilled any and all of his darkest desires.

The other benefit of this ritual to the magician was the securing of a high position of honor in the Kingdom of Hell in direct service to Satan himself once the magician has left the mortal life behind for the greater glories of Eternal Damnation.

Iron Swords

- *CT Blueblood*

Before evening skies, draped in the luminescence of constellations whose beautiful death’s crescendo strewn in ages past deep antiquity decorates the primal tapestry, a hooded wayfærer strode with uncanny grace across the terminal plummet of a chasm now stripped to the skeletal on account of

brutal winter. There in that dark, blasted hole, now utterly deplete of the oaken king’s warmth of embrace — murdered — by the blood frozen enemy, and all that goes along with its abysmal promise, Fimbulwintyr, one might think, though thought was the furthest cerebral process at play, as a son of Palestine, being pulled across the steady decline and then through the surreal open separation of trees — not a clearing, not a thicket — was drowning out any and all potentiality of higher intellect digesting the multi-dimensional presencings at every given opportunity with its hair raising shrieks, wails and pleadings for this, that, and whatever else it seemed to complain about, not yet realizing the geburian quality of this trek. The undulations from this dog-hearted mammalian cut like knives, so very contradistinctory to his forebears in their guttural and prejudicially accepted [and enthused] penchant. No mercy afoot. No consideration for constituents. No, nothing short of ruthless and efficient compliance to modes and grooming standards of elite and elitist ethos standing polar opposite to the niggardly populaced commonstances so frequented amongst the faux-intelligentsia poised as mortal combatants of NatSec [sic]. Tears

of meaningless sorrows when viewed from the aeonic perspective poured forth in tandem with complex bargains, which when proved ineffective, transitioned then into outright bribes only served to compartmentalize further the walled and directive instruction that had pulled together the state sponsored, state funded and state sanctioned abduction, and forthcoming ritual abuse that loomed over this wondrous and starry night. “Please. I’ll do anything…” wimped the crudish cur. His inflection garnering the ever present dread of dark empathy. For nothing short of an emergency signal to his burner, by his superior, could have staved the heinous agenda already underway. “My father is-” the traitorous one puked. And of course the father in question was nothing of the sort. Entirely oblivious to the ongoing of the state organized felony while engaged in the sodomy of an underaged white-trash pawn of the DNC. While his son was being rope bonded to the girth of a mighty oak, he was then ejaculating into the conclusive end of her stomach. Weyland held before him a medieval German dagger. “I don’t want to die!” the pathetic craven boy cried. “Heil Luzifer…” Weyland began.. “Subhannakallahuma uwabi hamdika

watabrakasmukka-” Ahmed whispered in prayer, before being cut of “Unserem böser gott…” “Allah Subhanna Wataala-” Ahmed started as if the dramatic recoil of a thousand stories indwelled, now, presencing themselves in cruel abandon, could, by any stretch of the phantasmagorical, cut through a fixed dimensional schema as well as nullify linear time. But actually no, and indeed “no ad infinitum”… as the Palestinian’s son not only made factually false assessment of dynamic, but also severity of situation, in that outright assassination, and perhaps political-assassination, had been the ultimate goal, all along. At least, that’s what the media would regurgitate: a politically motivated crime under the yoke of twin Satan’s. But what they wouldn’t report on is that in the United States of America, the overwhelming majority of revolutionary movements are perpetuated by foreign intelligence, with no regard for any standard of law, thereby making them arguably subject to every literal indignity imagined and otherwise from the humiliating to the lethal, legal and extra-legal, by officiated and unofficiated hands. Ahmed sobbed onward. Caught in an endless cycle of tears, snot, a moaning. All of course while tied down. “Stop it!

Please!” he yelled, returning to the former tactic. “I’ll kill you!“ Ahmed said, flipflopping yet again. Of course the illogical accord of this statement in fact may have seeped into the environment, for a fog appeared around the captor and captive, with rising acausal tensions afoot. Ahmed’s show of valor was comedic at best, as Weyland thrust two stabs into his Gazan stomach, as all his Gazan dreams and Gazan mannerisms fell out of him and onto the chasm floor, never to return. His life, personality and potential, all things that encircled him in the dynamic of good, evil and all that is between, fell now to a purpose far beyond what had given him birth and lead to his genesis. As Ahmed’s blood poured onto the earthen layer, an evil din erupted from Weyland’s mouth. An old folk song with the lyrics changed, blaspheming in mimetic corruption. In a fine bejeweled goblet did Weyland catch the ebbing flow. When the receptacle reached a sufficient fill for his need, he circumambulated the oak nine times. When complete he knelt before the opfer, not in acquiescence but in pursuit of details as related to hexenkunst, learnt from his mother before him, and his grandmother before her, in the many bloodlines of the olde dragon thrown to the

earth in days of yore. The Ullmann line pure as the fresh fallen and unsullied snow. The sorceries within and granted to them from the dark father, as endless and potent as a vision of the abyss. From his interior pocket, he fingered into his string draw pouch handfuls of prunus spinosa, also known as blackthorn, and with a mortar and pestle grinded it down into fine powder in a circular motion while intoning words of stygian bree Blut zum Dorn Dorn zu Blut Erde und Feuer öffne das Tor Herr Luzifer gekrönt in der schwarzen Sonne nimm dieses Geschenk an des Feindes Ahmed was in excruciating pain and horror beyond conception when Weyland then mixed the blood and herb in the ancient method and then added schwefel which was also finely ground. With a blue lighter produced from his pocket, he ignited the flammable mixion. He approached his dying body and began smudging ten power zones of his human soul with the burning gunk from the mortar, each movement and moment colder than the next in violation's wake. "Please no…" Ahmed begged as Weyland continued the rite of finality. But this was only the beginning. As Weyland with his ritual dagger began burrowing out his eyes alive. His Gazan screams coursed through the

landscape igniting a multidimensional interconnexion in that even the gods of yore may have sympathized with the opfer. There was something ethereal in the air when Ahmed went limp. In reality, his sefirot were each disabled, allowing no circulation of light to course through his deific soul. With a snuff of flame using a lead paten engraved with a sigil from the German grimoire Praxis Magi Faustiana containing a cryptographic seal, as well as runes from the elder futhark and Hebrew square script. With a sign of benediction, he placed his two fingers into the gunk that remained and drew a Jera rune upon his forehead. This marked him as “gift” for the entities of Germanic Evil. Ahmed was moaning in agony as Weyland procured from his remaining pocked braided cords made of deceased Ullmann hair, woven tightly as to produce a firm and formidable taxiderm tail. He then wound the piece around his neck and pulled tightly from the left and the right ends as to compress not just the neck but also the corroded arteries. Thin sheets of ice coalesced upon the environs from which these terrors were sutured, true death and in the cold winter. A bloodline to be wiped out in full by bleak operations; homeland secured and crystallized by the solstice

and its cruel demand. Weyland then whispered arcane words of power in Ahmed’s lifeless shell, full ancient and aural procedure fulfilling, calling to life the Golem which would put an end to the Palestinian-ethnic CIA double agent and his ring of recruits, that persisted while officially un-discovered, Washington DC.

Uranian Emanations: The Erotic Adventures of a Mad Mage

- Mephysto

“Push it in!” he reeled, as his friend Christian Beast teased him further with increased delay of penetration. No, CB needed a based injection into his muscular tissue before he gave the Mad Mage a serious pipe cleaning. Ripped and insanely based, CB turned up the volume on his favorite band, Slayer, and jabbed his bicep with the juice. “Fuckin’ A!” he gurgled, eyes rolling into

the back of his head to expose his whites as the anabolic steroids flowed through him, magnifying his testosterone beyond organically generable degrees “Please, I want it so bad- ” he began, but was interrupted by CB. “You shut your gimp hole Meier!” he screamed, the spirit of curdling blood filling the audio waves of the room. “You won’t shit right for a month when I get done with you!” Meier, the Mad Mage, was hog tied and placed upon CB’s studio apartment kitchen table, which was a cheap folding plastic product of Rubbermaid. Meier was already greased up beforehand with a warming gel in order to dampen the fury of CB’s terror. All the windows were steamed up by the already built sexual tension emanating from their shared Uranian physis. CB stamped over to where Meier was bound and slapped a single muscled claw upon his buttocks. “You belong to me now!” CB snarled “I belong to you now…” Meier hissed in return. CB pulled the vinyl mask over his face, an intense sight to behold with Meier peering backwards in anticipation of the ungodly penetration he was about to receive. CB was covered from head to toe in prison tattoos. Contrasted against this was Meier’s sickly and powerless frame, weighing in at maybe 118 lbs on a

good day. Regardless, his tiny butt wiggled, begging further to be skewered by CB's absolutely based battering ram. His master's shiny bald head, and popping veins spoke directly to the ultra-masculine composite that was CB, and not some puny musician or painter. No, that life would have been entirely abhorrent to CB, hell bent as he was to fulfill his biological imperative of increasing the Sinister-Masculous, complete with a years long obsession with collecting the most serious arsenal any UK civilian had ever amassed. He licked his lips at the cuisine that Meier was to be: a total sexually submissive plaything for him to whip around like a rag doll, whenever he wanted. It was 10:00am on a Saturday and before any major activity was to be done for the day, CB had rationalized that Meier was getting fucked, because that's what Meier was good for and that's what he wanted. It's true. It was a completely consensual dynamic. Meier, whose whole life could be characterized by shame, failure and uncertitude needed the power of a beast… inside of him. Yes, and to fill him with the fire of his loins, that wrinkled sack that housed his manhood. Meier wanted it. He wanted it flowing through him like the steroids were flowing through CB. He began

with a punch fuck. The force of the forward fist breaking through the rectum of Meier stretching the ring of his intestinal end quickly and abruptly forced his eyes to shoot open as a high pitched wail exploded out of his snaggle-toothed mouth, breath that smelled worse than an American gas station toilet in the middle of a lonely highway in Iowa. He pulled his muscular arm backwards in a slow, deliberate and heavy manner, much like how the first three Danzig albums are performed. Another punch forward! His ass cheeks shot open again, the fist going in much easier this time and with added velocity. The punch fuck. What a way to begin. Over and over he battered him like a professional cage fighter, but it was in his ass. Oh god there was so much blood and shit that clung to CB's fist. The alchemical admixture of deep descent into the Nexion of where the Sinister first began. By the final strike, he was elbow deep in Mad Mage, and his little slut was red and barely able to breathe. So much room that was taken for granted inside — inside of him, was now no longer there. Struggling to take in oxygen, CB took note to the issue and retracted his arm in a final exodus. Leaving Meier wiped out and heaving breaths of mercy. But mercy was the last thing on CB's

agenda. No, now he turned his strengthened gaze toward his closet, which was filled with all sorts of tools made for masculine activities that he regularly engaged in, like sports. A wooden baseball bat. Yes, he though, Yes! “Talk Dirty to me Dick…” whispered Meier. It was a maelstrom of rage that boomed from CB. He stopped the raid of his closet and ran toward Meier with limitless hate. He grabbed him by the back of the neck and squeezed, then ran his face into the bumpy texture of the Rubbermaid folding table. “Don’t you ever, ever, say my real name!” he directed. “I won’t say it! I promise!” he pleaded. “What’s my fuckin’ name?” he yelled. “Christian Beast!” he replied, now terrified “And what do I do for a living?!” he asked “You’re a power-lifter! You compete in strongman competitions!” he said, tears for fears. CB turned Meier’s face towards him, compressing his cheeks with his hand to force his mouth open. He spat directly into the Mad Mage’s nasty opening. His teeth, so terribly crooked and rotting, typical British hygiene. CB got a whiff of Meier’s breath and felt the puke rising in his esophagus. His breath, so terrible, so utterly terrible, that his Master spewed all of his vomit on the ground. The only reason he didn’t spray

him in the face with it was because it was too sudden for him to even plan it. It just happened. So disgusting was the stench coming from him. He also had a beard, which was so caked and crusty with CB's cum that whenever he stroked it, a snowfall of dried seminal fluid would float down from it. His beard was red but also grey and the grey was mostly from the absurd amount of jizzum which it carried, stored truly, inside of it. No amount of occult perfume could mask the reek of balls that came right off of his face and the aroma would hit anyone within a 10 foot radius, whenever he was around, like a cloud of absolute funk. CB now holding the baseball bat and lathering it in grease had fire and the dark gods racing through his eyes. And again this is what Meier wanted. He yearned for this, every minute of his life. He wanted to be stretched and pounded, grabbed and squeezed by the force of his love. And CB knew this. Therefore he jammed the fat end of the bat into the backside of Meier, and pumped it back and forth as the dominated one panted and cooed. He loved him for every minute of it. Loved the security of a powerful force taking control of his life that was surely out of control, with the British security services constantly hounding him, and everyone

who was ever important to him leaving him out in the cold for one reason or another. There would always be CB, who would be there to crush his spirit and pulse things inside of him. CB threw the dirtied bat to the side, Meier's bunghole agape and beat red, feeling the breeze through the open windows of Shropshire ventilating his rear in a cavernous circulation. Meanwhile CB was taking a diarrhea shit into the open base of Meier's flat-cap. When the shit was finished, he took the hat and slapped it, filled to the brim with liquid shit, onto Meier's hair was stupidly dyed black like some aging freak going through a mid-life crisis. The excrement dribbled down his face as he sighed with relief that CB anointed him, blessed him, with his own internal stuffs. Jesus Christ, Meier was hard as adamantine by this point. While face down on the table and still tied like up like a pig. He could barely keep his pelvis flush with the cheap Rubbermaid folding table because his dick was just too hard. This really got him going. Mostly due to the fact that Meier was truly, deeply, a psychotic freak. But in their shared loved CB accepted all of these things about Meier, and his needs. In fact it pained him to take the gallon of milk from the fridge and roll his counterpart over to his

back, only to squeeze his face to force his mouth open again and start to water board him with the jug of pale Vitamin D.

The Stick Lady

- Bartok Lycus

I donned a black bomber jacket to guard my thin frame against the night chill and then I descended the green iron catwalk my clumsy footfalls clanging more loudly and abrasively than I had intended. I reached the sidewalk below and began walking away from the apartment complex. I had spent a few indulgent hours drinking cheap vodka and chain-smoking cigarettes with a friend of mine in his girlfriend’s apartment. She was temporarily out of state visiting her relatives so we had free reign to blast loud

music, smoke indoors and just be raucous and obnoxious in general. Throughout the night we had also smoked a small amount of marijuana from his glass pipe. I was soon to discover that this decision was a mistake as weed had a way of giving me anxiety and making me paranoid. It was around this time I became fully convinced that I had developed some type of physical allergy to it or maybe it was a psychological problem, whatever the case I began to have a strong disliking and distrust of the plant. The night sky was mostly clear except for some nearly transparent milky clouds thinly veiling the brilliant constellations ornamenting the nocturnal dome above. It was a winter night and although no snow was currently falling the sidewalks and streets were coated with a thin layer of icy frost. I remember scanning the milky firmament for the moon but no sign of the lunar mother was to be found. I brushed my near shoulder length long dyed jet-black hair out of my eyes. I would often use this artificially raven-black hair as a morose curtain to avoid making eye-contact with strangers, a way to hide and disappear from the intrusive and prying public gaze. A shadowy antisocial invisibility cloak like a do not disturb sign on a hotel

doorknob. I was dressed in my usual rivethead style being clothed in woodland army fatigues, a wool black military commando sweater and black heavy duty Gore-Tex boots. My wardrobe was primarily items pilfered from thrift stores and army surplus shops. The streets were deserted and coated with a light mist and it looked like I was a lone wanderer on this stretch of forsaken earth for the time being. Which wasn't surprising considering that it was nearing three in the morning. Most of the sane and responsible denizens of the suburbs were asleep and dreaming. I had plastic headphones wrapped around my head that were connected to a Walkman and I turned the volume all the way up on the glossy oval device and pressed the play button to hear the discordant rhythms of the Noise/Industrial album called God and Beast by NON roar to life in all its misanthropic and transcendent glory. (I still have a penchant for obsolete technology and collect CD's) Partly because I enjoy being anachronistic and party because I am perpetually broke. I was nineteen years old and living the most reckless and hedonistic year of my life. I fancied myself a self-styled nihilistic anarchist. I had no direction in life nor did I have the faintest desire for one. I

figured meaning and purpose and life goals and all that boring shite were an illusionary anchor. A constrictive straitjacket meant for the 9-5 mundane lemmings but not for me. A straitjacket with fancy bells and whistles but a straitjacket all the same. About a month prior I had serendipitously stumbled upon a great fortune which would enchant and bless my life for a time a being. I met a goth girl at a friend's house party that I took an intense liking to. We shared a love of aggrotech and industrial music as well as horror films so we hit it off at the party and did some mild flirting. Afterwards I began cyber-stalking her on the internet and worked up the courage to ask her to be my girlfriend. I was excited and immensely pleased when she agreed to my nervous but hopeful proposal. She would become my girlfriend for nine years. While our romance burned bright for a time and we became extremely close we never got married or had children because at the time we were both unconventional anti-natalists and in all honestly I was a socially inept unproductive loser seven times out of ten. I suppose that is a story for another time though as that is not the primary focus of this extraordinary recollection so as an act of mercy towards you

dear reader I will not bore you with that soap opera drama. I looked both ways before crossing the street and that is when I felt a bucket a cold jolting adrenaline pour through my nervous system. This shock of malignant electricity sent my heart into rapid palpitations and my lungs seized up into a state of semi-paralysis. I pressed stop on my Walkman for the sardonic and sonic-blasting industrial music that was only moments before exultant and joyful now became gravely terrifying. At this point in time I knew I was having a panic attack so I stumbled in a disoriented manner to the nearest tree I could find then sat down and rested my back against the rough bark. I closed my eyes and tried to slow my chaotic mind while I took deep measured breaths. I could feel my psychotic heart crashing against my ribcage like a spiteful maniac and I cursed myself for smoking marijuana that night. I knew it was a risk but did it anyway. Never again with the repulsive devil’s lettuce I promised myself! As the frightening assault on my sanity and my wracked anatomy continued I began to grow increasingly worried as my meditative exercises failed to slow my escalating pulse. Just when I was sure that the burdened and exhausted muscle in my chest would

gruesomely explode like a over- pressured meat balloon and streams of blood would blast from my breathless mouth my heart returned to its normal pace and a wave of liberated relief passed through my body. The walls of doom were no longer closing in to suffocate me and I could breathe freely. I stood up and continued my walk home now feeling rejuvenated from my suffering and grateful to be alive. I began to walk through the barren parking lots of the local shopping mall as this was the most direct route to my house. I pressed play on my Walkman again to continue the occult audio harsh alchemical evolution process known as God and Beast by NON. I watched my malformed shadows dance and distort under the antiseptic fluorescent lights of the empty parking lot as I kicked small rocks and pebbles with my boot as I marched along. After a few tracks my Walkman abruptly crashed and went silent due to dead batteries. I cursed my luck and shook my head in disappointment. That is when I heard an odd sound in the distance, an instantly recognizable sound, the clicking of high-heels, an eerie clicking echoing sharply through the vacant parking lot which raised the hairs on my forearms and the back of my neck. I turned around slowly and calmly as if in a

frozen dream. Then I saw the thing. The Stick Lady. It was a humanoid being in white high-heels around seven foot tall. Androgynous and alien looking but wearing a woman's worn and moth-eaten second-hand clothing, it had a form-fitting white and pink wool floral- plaid petticoat wrapped around its sickly emaciated frame. The stick lady had pink and dark purple garments and scarf's wrapped tightly and securely around her head and face almost like a bandaged mummy with only a slit where her beady and shifty eyes peered sheepishly. It or she held reinforced plastic bags in each white mitten covered hand that were heavily burdened with hardware supplies like nuts and bolts as well as a few screwdrivers and claw-hammers. The plastic bags were so over- encumbered by these tools that they threatened to burst at the bottom at any moment. My first thought was this was a severely mentally ill methamphetamine addict and then I thought possibly a leprous burn victim pariah of some sort hiding her shameful scars from the shallow judgmental world. Maybe a combination of both? I felt an intense curiosity and an intense pity for the mysterious stick lady but not fear never fear. As odd as it sounds after I laid my eyes upon this

strange visitor stick lady I do not recall for a single moment being afraid. I got the instinctive feeling that this entity meant me no harm and would not show hostility towards me and even more so that the stick lady was much more afraid of me than I was of it. In fact it was frail and slightly shivering while its beady eyes darted around my body from under the ragged raiment. Without a word I turned around and continued my walk home. For a few minutes I could hear the steady clicking of the stick ladies high-heels like she was a lost puppy following me back towards shelter and sanctuary but then the sound slowed and then vanished completely. I never looked back and never saw the stick lady again. I have questioned the validity of this memory. I was sort of inebriated from the vodka and marijuana. Maybe it was a hallucination of some sort? Possibly caused by a mixture of the substances and the dissociation caused by the panic attack? It’s possible but I really don’t think so. I met the stick lady that night and in a telepathic/empathic sense we shared something special, something ineffable in a peculiar way….

Apep
Tiamat
Shaitan
Iblis

666
666
666
FEAR THE SPEAR

Ascend In Blood To Rule Below! Hail

Commandant Cultus/ Anton Blenzig!

Join us again dear reader for The Blighted Path Volume One, Issue Two Coming Walpurgisnacht 2025!

THE BRAND OF THE BEAST IS OUR FLAG
WELCOME TO HELL ON EARTH